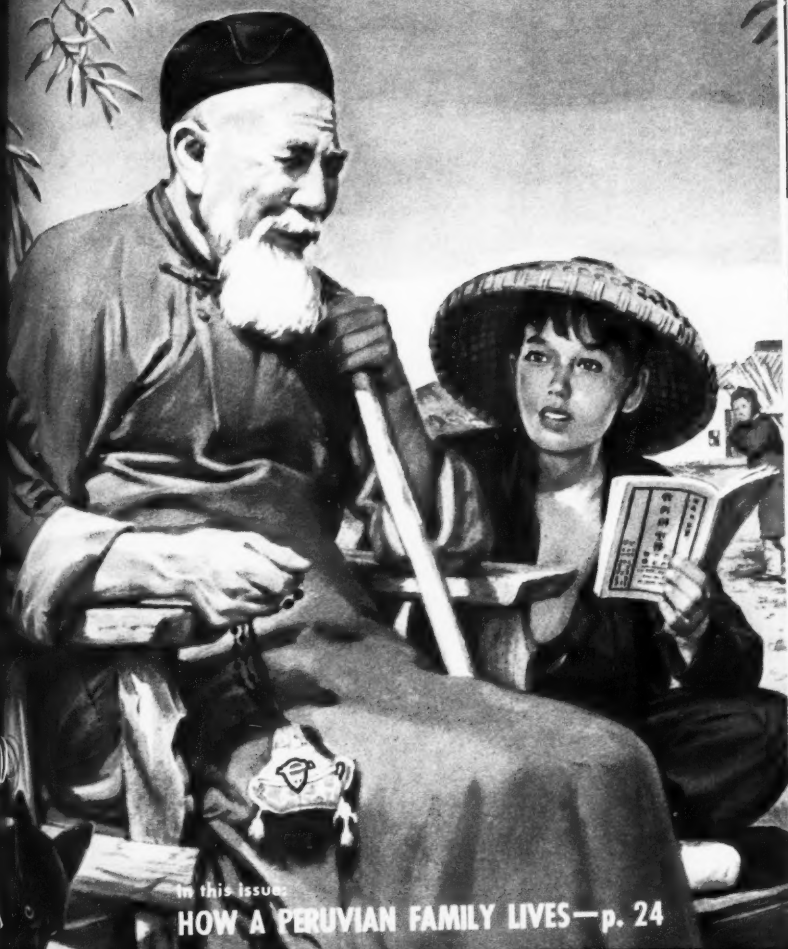


APRIL 1958

Maryknoll



In this issue:

HOW A PERUVIAN FAMILY LIVES—p. 24



THE POWER OF WORDS. These youngsters in Hong Kong are intent on their reading. The gift of literacy belongs to all men. It is estimated that half the people of the world cannot read.

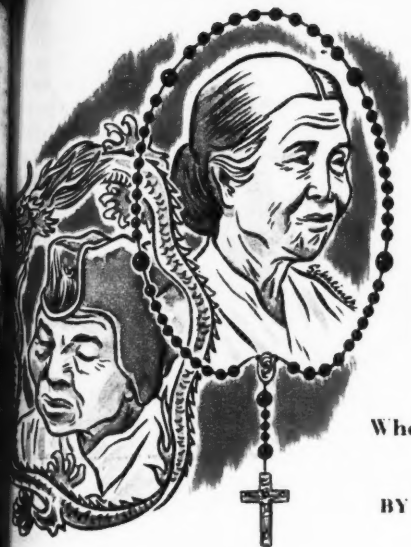


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TWO OLD LADIES

Who knows how grace works?

BY THOMAS E. McKEE, M.M.



A FEW weeks ago two Korean women passed away, in different places; one in a small mountain village named Nam Sang To; the other in a town named Chongpyong. Both died on the same day, exactly at noon.

That afternoon I happened to glance down the road and saw a curious incident. In front of a house was a small table with dishes of food and a white cloth. A man walking by stopped, picked up the cloth and waved it in the air, shouting. Then he laid it down, ate a bite of food and walked on. At once four women came out of the house, knelt before the table and wailed loudly.

I questioned the neighbors and learned that at noon the grandmother of the family had passed away. That afternoon at regular intervals, the women came out and

repeated the wailing. By nightfall, a huge crowd of relatives had come. They sat up most of the night, talking, eating, and playing a Korean game with sticks called *Yut*.

The next day a tent was erected in the yard; the crowd of relatives increased. A coffin was made, and the women spent most of the day sewing the mourning costumes of brown fabric which the sons of the dead lady will wear for a year. On the second day, at ten in the morning, the bier was brought to the house — a huge colorful affair of long poles and ropes, banners, ribbons and bells, so large it required twelve men to carry it to the grave site. The coffin was lashed inside; the male members of the family made their bows; the women knelt and continuously wailed. All the rela-

tives assembled around the bier, eating a great deal of food and drinking liquor. All wore various degrees of mourning.

When the funeral procession began only the men went. They took the coffin to a small hill and placed it in a grave, hollowed out the earth around it, erected a mound. Then they returned to the house where they ate and drank quite a lot more. They all wailed a good deal, but no one was particularly sad. The life of Kwon Sun Ja, 70 years old, ended in this way, with no prayers, no sacraments, no Mass.

The other lady, Hwan Domitilla, 84 years old, had come trudging in from a village some distance away over a beastly high mountain, in order to see the priests and go to confession. She thought it was time to do so. The instinct of the Faith led her to the mission church. I heard her confession and then anointed her because of her age and poor health, and the next day she returned home.

The winter was hard on her and she was very sick. Early this spring when I was at Nam Sang To, I again anointed her. She had become senile and helpless; there was no possibility of her going to confession.

But the weather warmed; old Domitilla strengthened and rationally returned at intervals. One day

she announced that she was again going to the mission church to see the priests and receive the sacraments. So while her family were out of the house, she set out but this time

there was no hope of success.

That morning Father Zunno was in a town some distance away. While he was returning home shortly before

noon, it suddenly occurred to him to stop at Nam Sang To and visit the Catholics. He parked the jeep on the road and walked up the path to the village. He found Domitilla collapsed in a ditch. He picked her up, carried her to her house and gave her absolution. She died in his arms.

The next morning I went to the village and offered Requiem Mass for her in the open yard, under a canvas. A great many pagans attended. She was buried with the complete splendor of a Catholic burial. She was truly a Catholic, a daughter of the Korean Martyrs. The innocent, strong faith of these people! Their angels guard them well.

That is the way two old women died. Domitilla passed away in grace, strengthened by prayers and sacraments, wrapped in the sweet love of God, protected by His providence. Kwon Sun Ja died in pagan emptiness. There are many more like her in Korea.

OUR ADDRESS?

It's Easy!

THE MARYKNOLL FATHERS,
MARYKNOLL, N.Y.

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Prayers are requested for the repose of the soul of Father WILLIAM V. WHITLOW, a Maryknoll Missioner from New York City, who died recently. Father WHITLOW was a veteran of our missions in Japan. During World War II, he taught Japanese to U.S. Naval personnel at Holy Cross College. He was assigned to our Japanese mission in Los Angeles when ill health forced his retirement for medical care.

* * *

During a brief stopover in Los Angeles, en route to Tokyo, Dr. PAUL KOTARO TANAKA, Chief Justice of the Japanese Supreme Court and Japan's leading Catholic layman, was interviewed by Father FRANCIS CAFFREY. Dr. TANAKA paid tribute to the material and spiritual aid given by America, said that the American occupation of Japan did much good.

* * *

Urgent help is needed in Hong Kong by Father HOWARD TRUEBE to aid 1,937 refugees left homeless in a tragic fire. He informs us that 405 shelters went up in the blaze. The refugees lost everything -- pots and pans, blankets, food, clothing. Each of the 405 families can be rehabilitated at \$50 each. This sum will erect a temporary shelter, and purchase a bed, table, clothing, pots and pans, dishes.

* * *

Father JAMES GORMAN invited to give lecture at Muroran University, Hokkaido. He is to start a study club among Japanese professors and their families . . . Maryknoll is starting a new paper for college students. Called World Campus, its aim is to make students alive to the times.

* * *

Shortly before his retirement, Sir ALEXANDER GRANTHAM, Governor of Hong Kong, praised Maryknollers at work in the colony for what they have done in "the way of housing, medical care and education" . . . Also from Hong Kong, we receive word from Father MORGAN VITTENGL that the mainland Reds have arrested more clergy and laity in new drive to destroy the Church. Father, who is NCWC correspondent, was recently elected treasurer of press club there.



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"I never saw so much happiness at one time," said Sister Moira (left). The women above expected only a few pounds of rice, but received a full bag.

4 Million Pounds of Rice

No other gift from America was ever more gratefully accepted.

BY PAUL J. DUCHESNE, M.M.

■ WHEN THE mountain of surplus rice from America arrived in Hong Kong, Catholic Relief Services were ready for it. So were some 300,000 needy persons, who carried away the 100-pound bags or filled their

own small containers to capacity.

Catholic Relief Services organized the distribution through 153 centers — churches, schools, mission stations, hospitals. The Hong Kong government shared half of the unloading and delivery charges.

Seldom has a work of charity attracted more attention in a city. *Sing Tao Yat Pao*, a daily newspaper, said: "The value of the gift is doubled when the donor doesn't brag. The Catholics in Hong Kong give quietly and effectively."



At Ngau Tau Kok
Father Arthur B.
Dempsey divides
the rice as evenly
as he could.

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One baby (left) tried to help his mother by holding her carrying pole steady. The other slept peacefully. The youngster above solemnly guarded his prize, which money couldn't buy. Thanks to the work of priests, Sisters and parish organizations, the final cost of the rice to Catholic Relief Services was only three and one half cents for every 100 pounds. ■ ■

A simple "Thank you" from this grandmother expressed the heartfelt gratitude of the 300,000 who shared America's gift of rice.







The People of the Pagan Cross

After centuries on side paths,
they're finding the right road.

BY

GEORGE H. RATERMANN, M.M.

■ MAYA INDIANS, among whom Maryknollers work in Guatemala, are small in stature. Men average about five feet two inches in height and weigh 125 or 130 pounds. Women average about four feet ten inches in height and weigh from 120 to 130 pounds. We find very few fat people among the Indians. They are broad in the shoulders, thick-chested and long-armed; their hands are generally very small. Their fingers are often what we would call artist's fingers — very slender. Their color is a coppery brown.

Our Indians have dark eyes and dark straight coarse hair. The men occasionally wear beards but these beards are scanty; men shave only infrequently. Their eyes are slanted giving them an Asiatic cast of features. They are sure-sighted;

riding or walking along a mountain trail, they miss nothing that goes on.

The Indians eat very little, and their diet has no variation. Corn is to them what potatoes and meat are to us. Despite their meager diet, Mayas are capable of working hard. It is a common sight to see an Indian climbing a steep trail carrying 90 pounds on his back.

Maya Indians do not live to a very great age. The average life expectancy must be somewhere around 38 to 40 years. Many infants die at birth or shortly thereafter. Maya women are very prolific but a woman who has borne ten children will commonly have fewer than five of them alive. Indians marry very young: girls at the age of sixteen or thereabouts; boys at the age of twenty-one. There are many cases where the bride and groom are fourteen and sixteen respectively. Despite the high rate of infant mortality and the low rate of life expectancy, the population figure is going up.

Cleanliness is an outstanding trait of the Indians; they bathe frequently and wash their clothing regularly. But their houses are commonly very dirty. Indian houses are usually one-room affairs, with one door and two windows. In many cases this one room serves as living room, sleeping room and kitchen for an entire family. The floors are dirt floors. The food is cooked over an open fire placed in the center of the floor. The family eat sitting around the fire. Any refuse from the meals is thrown on the floor and numerous mongrel dogs circle around to gobble up what the diners

throw away. Young children of the family are allowed to crawl about the floor unhindered, and this is one of the chief reasons for the prevalence of the many diseases that afflict children.

Our Indians are mainly farmers. There are merchants among them but farming is their chief occupation. The crop they raise is corn; their whole life is built on the raising of corn. The price of corn is one of the chief subjects of conversation. If the price of corn is reasonable the people are happy; if it is too high they are fearful.

Mayas were conquered by the Spanish in the early part of the sixteenth century. At the time of the conquest they had a fully developed pagan religion. The Spanish insisted that all Indians become Catholics; and the Indians for their part were willing to go along with the wishes of their conquerors. They accepted the Catholic Faith and Catholic baptism; at the same time they clung to their old religion. They practiced it, probably on the sly, and they did not think that being Catholics meant that they should completely drop their old religion.

As Spanish power began to wane the situation became even worse. There were fewer and fewer priests among the Indians. Finally the time came when there were only enough priests to baptize the people. These priests went from town to town baptizing the Indians; they had time for nothing else. Instruction was out of the question.

When the nations of South America finally gained indepen-

dence from Spain the governments of the new nations were not friendly to the Church. This unfriendliness caused further difficulties and priests became fewer and fewer. The Indians drifted back to their old religious ways and their old religious calendar, the Maya calendar. They still desired baptism. They still celebrated a few Christian feasts such as Holy Week, All Souls' Day, Corpus Christi. However, they had very little idea as to what these feasts meant.

Today when a Maryknoller is sent out to a town to bring Indians again into the Catholic Faith he finds a highly developed system of pagan religion.

The Indians go on mixing religions. They celebrate the old Maya days with sacrifices and candles. They celebrate the Christian festivals by going to the church and assisting at Mass, if this is possible. In front of most Catholic churches in the Indian villages you will find a plain wooden cross. It has no *corpus*, and it stands for something ~~different from~~ the cross we know. People call it the "Lord Cross" and a person is quite capable of doing honor to Saint Anthony inside the church and then going outside to do like honor to the Lord Cross.

Guatemalan Indians all want baptism; they say it makes their children "human beings." They are willing to respect the Catholic priest who visits them; at the same time they intend to go right on with their pagan rites.

That is the situation our Maryknoll priests face when they go into an Indian town that has been with-

out a priest for many years. The new Padre has to take a stand against the old religion but he must be careful how he does it.

Visitors often say: "The only way is to go right in and tell them they'll have to stop all their superstitions." That method won't work. They've been combining the two religions for too long.

The first thing a priest must do is to gain prestige in the community to which he is sent. Many Maryknollers use a dispensary to get a foothold in a town. They try to cure some of the common ills that afflict the people. Other priests have learned to pull teeth. All try to convince the people that priests are solid citizens of the town. They look after the church and the church grounds. People realize that a well-kept church is a great improvement in a town.

In general, the new priest tries to show the people that he is genuinely one of them, out to look after their best interests. The people can see this and they begin to have confidence in the new resident. The Padre preaches the doctrine of the Church, without ever taking issue with the medicine men and priests of the pagan religion.

Most people come to realize very quickly that he is an educated man, that he has studied a long time and knows what he is talking about. Slowly his preaching goes home. The crowds at Sunday Mass get bigger. People talk over what the priest is saying in his sermons. Then after a while a group will come to him. They will be men who are not married in the Church. This is not



Pouring the waters of baptism is Father John H. Gorham, Maryknoller from Portland, Maine. The little center of attraction lives in Ixtahuacan.

their fault. They had never heard about the obligation and in many cases would not have had an opportunity to get married. They come to the priest and tell him they've been listening to what he has been saying. They tell him they'd like to get married in the Church.

This is the break the priest has been waiting for. He receives the men as kindly as possible, sits them down to talk over the situation. He

tells them he's delighted they're ready to be married; that they're on the right track. And then comes the difficult part of his job. He tells them that once they get married in the Church they'll have to stay married. They will have to keep up with their obligations as Catholics. Lastly, they will have to give up all attachment to pagan rites.

This final point is the difficult one. The men are afraid. They

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have been brought up to respect the old rites. It's a wrench to be told that these practices do not square with the Catholic religion. Their neighbors will call them traitors if they break away from old ways.

But they have listened to the Padre. They trust him and are willing to go along with him. They are married in the Church and begin to really practice the Faith. Their children come to catechism, make their first confession and Communion. Their example is followed by others who come to be married and send their children to catechism. The new congregation begins to grow.

But as it grows, the adherents, the dyed-in-the-wool adherents of the old religion, begin to get angry. They don't like to see anything like this happen. They realize that if the people follow the Padre's way of doing things their own power will fade. They begin a campaign of murmuring and whispering against the priest. And if the number of those who follow what the priest says gets very big, these supporters of the pagan rites may even stir up a riot against the priest. It's just about what happened to St. Paul in the episode of Diana.

However, by this time, the Padre has established his point. The people who follow what he says are numerous enough to hold their own. The struggle against the old religion may continue for a long time but the battle will be won. Already in Huehuetenango we have a number of Indian towns where the process described above has been completed. We have towns where

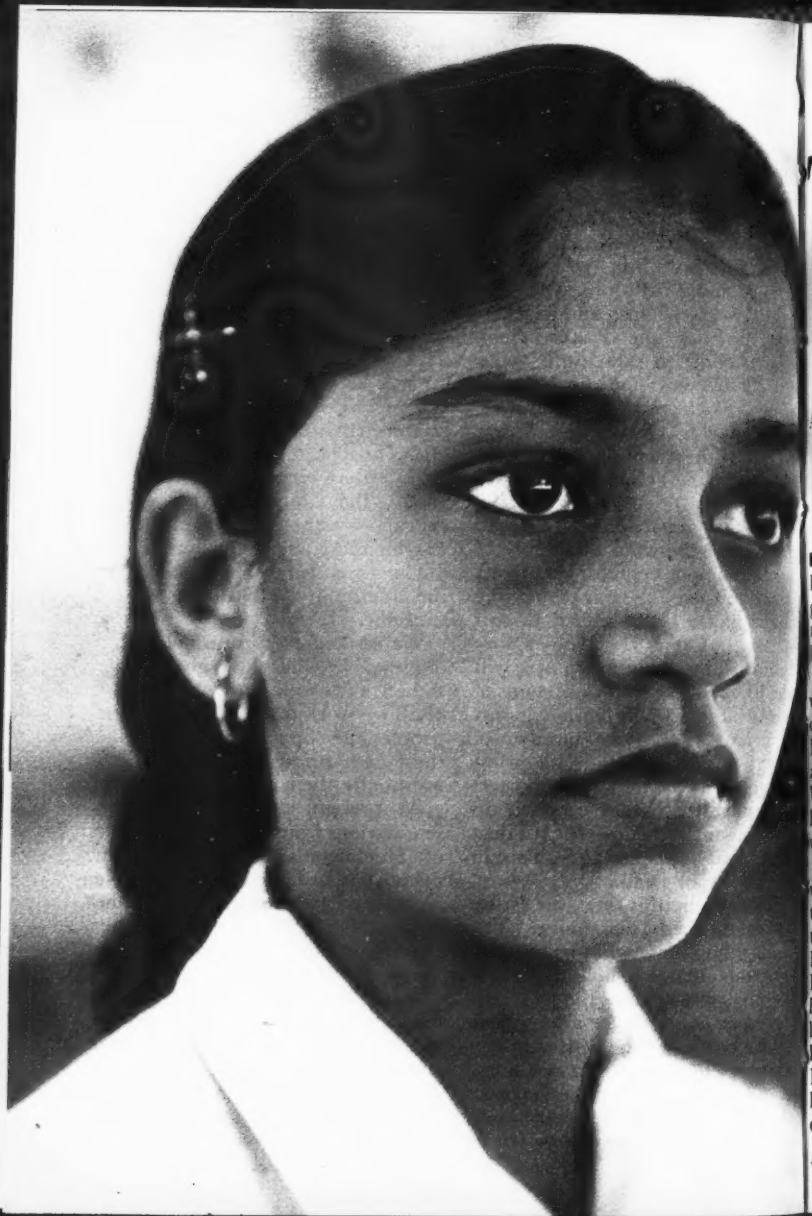
twelve years ago there was little or no Catholic life. Today there is flourishing Catholic life in those parishes. People are going to the sacraments, attending Mass, getting married in the Church, and contributing a little something to the upkeep of parishes they belong to.

This may be called the first step in bringing the Indians back into the Church. But it is only the first step. When a town has come this far it is only at the beginning of a journey. The Catholic Faith has established itself as the true Faith of the people, the sole religion. Let us say that compliance with the law of the Church is very good, that most of the people are coming to obey the laws of the Church and follow its teaching. This means that the community is becoming solidly Catholic.

We missionaries go into fields afar to set up the Church, to give people a chance to hear about Christ. Most of all we work towards offering our people the opportunity to have their own priests and Sisters and eventually their own bishops.

At present we have seventeen seminarians from among the people of Huehuetenango. One Indian priest was ordained last year. We have one girl studying with the Sisters of Charity. They are only the first in what we hope will be a long line of vocations.

With the kindly help of Our Lady, the Church in Huehuetenango will one day be able to stand on its own feet. It will produce its own priests and Sisters and be entirely capable of going forward under its own power. ■ ■



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THE GIRL IN BETWEEN

A fourteen-year-old Indian girl lives between two worlds.

BY J. PAUL BORDENET, M.M.

■ MARGARITA Lalita Chonan is a happy, carefree, fourteen-year-old girl who stands midway between two worlds. This is true both literally and culturally.

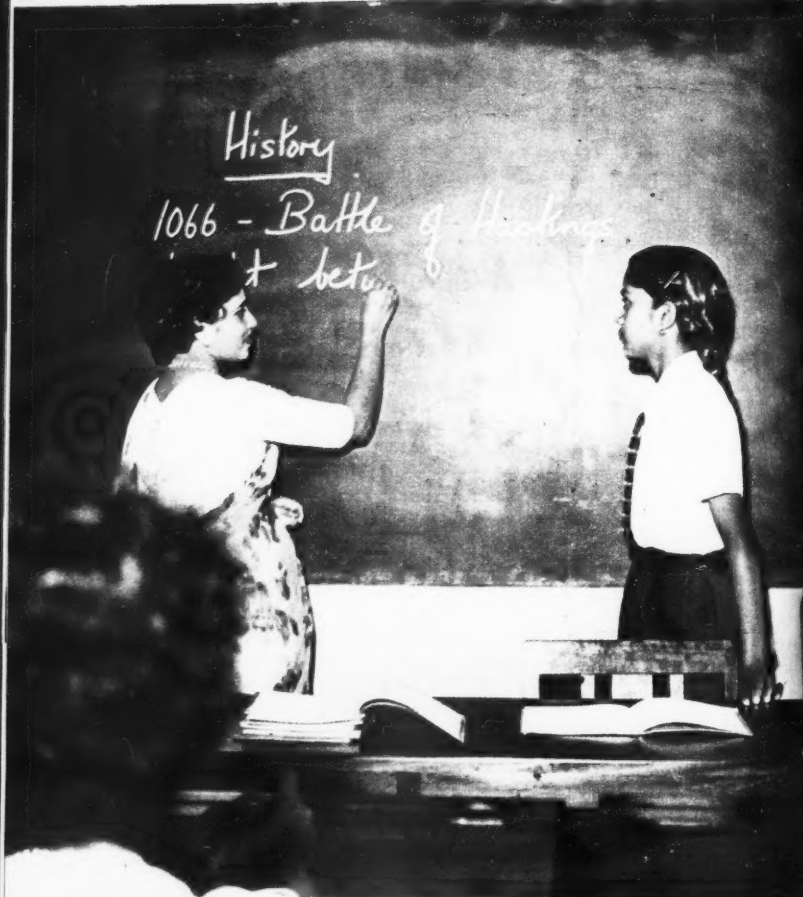
From the cultural viewpoint, one world is her homeland of India, the other is the modern Western world. During the day, when Margarita is at school, she is surrounded by the West. Once she has returned home, however, she enters again on the ways of her ancestors.

Literally she is between two worlds because her family belongs to that vast army of Indian expatriates. She resides in Mombasa, Kenya, an important seaport city in British East Africa, which is about halfway between India and England. She lives in Mombasa because her father came here to teach in an Indian school. East Africa has a heavy Indian population, for Indians compose the merchant and

business class in this part of the world.

Margarita was born in Anand, India. Her surname, Chonan, signifies that she belongs to the caste of Rajputs (an old and high caste). She belongs to the clan or tribe called Gujarati — a group living in an area north of Bombay and centered about the important manufacturing city of Ahmedabad with close to a million people.

The Chonan family live in a five-room house, made of mud and stone and roofed with corrugated iron. It is a large house by African standards but the Chonan family is a large one. Margarita is the sixth of nine children. In addition to her parents, others in the family include: Ignatius, 28; John, 22; Rudolf, 20; Philomena, 19; Aloys, 17; Rita, 12; Stephen, 8; and Mary, 4. Two nieces and a nephew also live with Margarita.



Margarita attends a Catholic school where the course follows the Cambridge syllabus. She will go on to graduate from high school.

At home she helps with chores. Here she rolls out chapatties, big pancakes. Cooking is done on a fire made in a hole in the floor.

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The home is furnished Western-style with European furniture, including European beds. Of course, the luxuries of an American home are lacking. The house does have electricity and a piped water supply. The family income is about \$1,400 a year, a figure which allows it to be comfortable by African and Indian standards.

Margarita's chore about the house is to help her mother. She arises early and has a breakfast of bread with jam or butter and tea. She is in school at eight o'clock. At noon she returns home for lunch, which is the main meal of the day. Lunch usually consists of rice, meat and chapatties (mealy pancakes). After a siesta, she is back in school at two-thirty and remains there until four o'clock.

At school, Margarita is in stand-

Margarita waits to catch a ball before afternoon classes begin.



ard six, or the last year of primary school education. She studies arithmetic, English, geography, history, hygiene, needlework and art. She intends to take the Senior Cambridge School Certificate, roughly equivalent to our high-school diploma. Her school is called "Star of the Sea" and is conducted by the White Sisters of Africa.

After school Margarita has time to play with her friends, most of whom are also Indian girls. Her favorite games are netball, rounders and hopscotch. Other than these, her recreations are few. She goes to the movies about four times a year. Her reading is largely confined to books borrowed from the school library.

In the evening, there is a meal of puree (a thick soup) and vegetables. After supper there is homework to be done, family chatter while the radio is played, an early departure for bed.

Margarita's family lead a well-developed Catholic life. She studies the catechism in school and the family go to Mass together on Sundays and feastdays. When all the members go out together they make a striking sight. The various members of the family are handsome and the womenfolk walk with the grace and charm that are so much a part of Indian women.

While the older members of Margarita's family are bilingual, speaking both English and Gujarati, she is much more fluent in English than in her native tongue which she does not know well, never having studied it systematically. Gujarati is spoken by about eleven million Indians.

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Sitting on a grass mat, the Chonan family eats out of doors when the weather permits. Mombāsa weather is wet, hot and very humid.

Few Indian girls can do much about determining their futures, and Margarita will be no exception. She leads a very sheltered life, according to the custom of her people. When asked about her future ambitions, she answers indirectly by saying: "Indian girls are not allowed to do any work outside the home. They marry."

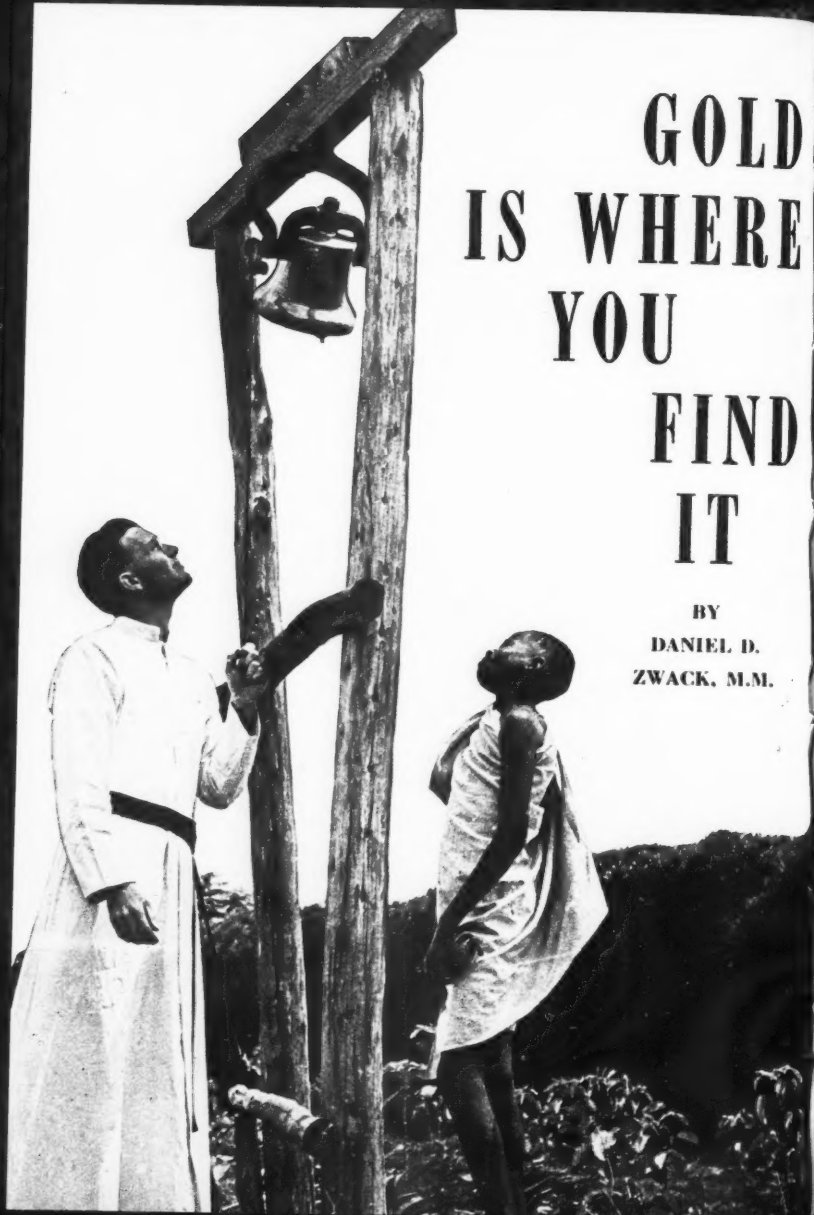
Indian women believe that the vocation of being a housewife is the highest to which they can aspire. There is nothing more perfect than making a home and raising a large

family. Among some of the more wealthy Indians, this idea is disappearing, and women are moving into the business and professional worlds. But among middle-class families like the Chonans, traditions are slow to pass away.

Thus it is that Margarita Lalita Chonan will one day be the mistress of her own large household. But that is for the future. In the meantime, there are the pleasures and companionships of youth to be enjoyed, and the problems of growing up between two different worlds. ■■

GOLD IS WHERE YOU FIND IT

BY
DANIEL D.
ZWACK, M.M.



Both the land and the people of Musoma are rich in resources.

TUCKED AWAY in the north of Tanganyika Territory, bordering Lake Victoria between Kenya Colony and the great Serengeti Plains in East Africa, is our Maryknoll mission of Musoma. It's an area of about 7,000 square miles of mountains and rugged hills, broad valleys and rolling plains.

The mountain chain is volcanic in origin and made up mostly of hard, black stone; although dark blue, olive, rose, and milk-white stones all are common. People who can read nature's signs poke around, hoping to find, and often enough finding, gold in the quartz reefs. Not a big lot in any one place — a bucketful here, a shovelful there — but enough to provide a humble living.

Beyond that main range is a great jumble of granite hills. They reach mountainous proportions in places, and often are strewn with huge boulders, tumbled and balanced upon one another in the most improbable positions.

Somehow, all that hard stuff has eroded enough to form soil. In hot, dry areas along the lake shore, the soil is of brown granite sand and iron stone. Here the people plant mostly cassava and a type of millet. These lake regions are always heavily populated.

In the fertile grass country, the soil is a fine clay, brick-red. The many people living here plant maize and cotton, and raise cattle. Baboons eat their crops; but where there are baboons, there are always

leopards to keep them under some sort of jungle control.

On the low hills, the soil is black and sandy. It is a good soil and receives enough rainfall for crops to grow. Oddly, some of these places are not heavily populated. They are covered with gnarled trees and with forests full of wild animals. The people can raise almost anything, but generally plant cassava, millet, sweet potatoes, and peanuts.

In big river valleys and on the plains, the soil is a heavy, black clay. Rain is seasonal, drought is fairly common, but some of the valleys are well populated. The people live almost exclusively on sorghum. They have many cattle.

There is room for a much greater population on the plains, even though each family likes to reserve a large plot for its own use. Farmers need only to cut down the tall, almost white-barked, thorn trees (where the tsetse fly lives) and hitch their oxen to the plow.

The farms are long, narrow strips of land, plowed side by side, near a cluster of huts. Farmers must guard their crops, especially at night, because farther out on the plains are countless grass-eating animals. There are a dozen types of antelope, zebra in great herds, giraffe, rhino, and many others.

When the grain ripens, the farmers must stand guard all day against birds, too. They rig up lines to poles placed on opposite sides of the garden. To the lines they tie

gourds, tin cans, bits of cloth — anything to make a noise or to flutter when a line is pulled. Sometimes a farmer builds a platform beside the garden, and a child stands watch with sling and stones. At night the cattle must be guarded, because lions don't distinguish between zebras and cows — they are fond of both.

Nobody knows when these parts were first settled, because records go back only to the coming of Europeans. In the late 1800's, Germany sent settlers here to found a colony. They brought peace and order, and started civilizing the people. They made careful surveys of their location, and organized many projects that still contribute to the country's economy and culture.

For example, the Germans established government among people who had no idea of government in the modern sense. They divided the huge area into civil districts, corresponding roughly to states and counties, and put German colonial officers in charge of them. Each district commissioner had a fortress headquarters, called the "*boma*" — which is Swahili for "fence."

Those were wild days, and each *boma* was the center of law, order and civilization. Naturally enough, most *bomas* grew into towns, each with its governmental administrative house, post office, hospital, jail, school, a few European houses, and more than enough Indian shops.

The first World War put the Germans out of business in East Africa, but the British carried on along the same lines. More advanced ways of living filtered through the still-

primitive ways. The Government sent a high type of official to govern and to teach the Africans, who are given authority as quickly as they demonstrate responsibility. In fields properly political, administrative, educational, medical, economic, the British officials now work side by side with the native peoples.

During these stages of advancement, the Church has taken its place and given meaning to all that has happened. In the old days, and even today to a great extent, the Africans didn't worship as much as they placated various spirits. The world of the unseen was, and is, very real to them. The known material world got rather less than its due, as they attributed anything strange or uncontrollable to spirits.

Certain clever rogues worked upon the backwardness of the people, to get power and wealth by offering them the dreariest assortment of quackery. Wooden beads, iron trinkets, seeds, ashes, dust, gourds — all were "medicine." Goats and chickens were sacrificed to the spirits in stupid and obscene rituals.

Nothing was beyond the witch doctors' power. They had good charms for good purposes, and bad for bad. They had charms for rain, for lost things, for victory, for advice, for anything imaginable — always at a price. The Moslems offered a name and certain prestige to the old ideas on religion. The Church offered freedom from the whole dirty mess.

The good White Fathers walked back and forth, up and down, this land for perhaps fifty years. They

told the Africans something new, true and good. They had real power in the real spiritual sphere, and it was free to everyone.

Many people were interested. As they learned more of the good news, they were delighted. They told their friends about it, too. There was a lot to learn, and often it meant hardship. But how could the old ways be preferred?

The true religion gained, and catechumens sprang up in the remotest places. New Christians taught their pagan brothers the wonderful news. The White Fathers settled in two places, and their work progressed.

A similar thing happened down Mwanza way, to the south of Musoma, until the bishop there had to call for help. There were too many Christians for his staff of overworked priests. After the second World War, the Holy Father asked Maryknoll to go and help.

In that first year, Maryknoll sent four young priests to learn the ropes from the White Fathers. In the next year, two more followed; then another two, and a Brother; and then Maryknoll Sisters.

With more manpower, new stations could be founded and new tribes evangelized. By now, the two



Sister Agnes Jude and Father (Dr.) Edward M. Baskerville are a medical team in new Africa.

mother missions have expanded into eleven, with schools, dispensaries and training programs for native priests and Sisters.

This does not mean that our mission is adequately manned yet. Whole tribes, still uncared-for, are asking for priests to live in their areas and speak their language. Then they will change the country from a pagan one to a Christian one, they say. They are right. From similar happenings in the past, the results of future undertakings can be predicted.

Gold is where one finds it. We've struck it rich in Musoma. ■ ■

HOW A PERUVIAN FAMILY LIVES

The Teen-Ager Picks Her Ideal Family

BY JOHN J. CONSIDINE, M.M.

■ "WHAT ideas do these young ladies have, Sister, as to what makes an ideal Catholic family?"

"Let's ask them, Father."

It was as simple as that. I had just spent the day visiting Villa Maria, the top-flight young women's college and academy in Lima conducted by the Immaculate Heart Sisters of Philadelphia. It required a long day for the visit because in addition to the huge plant with its enrollment of 1,200 girls from Peru's upper class society, the Immaculate Heart Sisters also conduct St. Anthony's School in Callao, a coastal suburb, in which 900 children of families of modest means are educated free.

I was deeply impressed by the fine type of Peruvian young woman that I met in the classes and corridors of Villa Maria and by the meticulous care which the Immaculate Heart Sisters give to their formation. Here was the future strength of the Peruvian people, the

mothers of the next generation in many of the families that will give leadership to this outstanding South American nation.

A conversation with Sister San Gregorio led to the little experiment that provides the material for these pages. Sister San Gregorio decided on a sampling of some forty young women in the college department for an answer to my question.

For me the inquiry proved impressively successful. These young ladies sat down at their desks one morning and, each independently of the other, revealed remarkable consistency in sound instincts as they picked their examples of fine Catholic living.

Each young lady named a family, described it briefly and then proceeded to answer the questionnaire entry, "My reasons for considering this family outstanding." It was this item that proved enlightening. Four characteristics were constantly referred to under this heading:

1 - the mutual love and affection between husband and wife; 2 - the household spirit of warmth and joy among parents and children, and the strong family unity; 3 - the active spiritual life within the family as a whole; 4 - the dedication to service of their neighbor.

Parents everywhere can learn a lesson from the keen observation of these young women on the first of these characteristics, the mutual love between husband and wife.

"To me," one young lady wrote of the family she chose, "the most important thing is the love that the father and mother show to each other. Although they are married for more than 15 years, they look as though they were just married in the way they care for each other."

"You can easily see," wrote another young lady, "that the wife is very much in love with her husband; she is willing to do anything to please him. He in turn appreciates this and is very sweet with her."

"Mr. and Mrs. E. are a young couple with outstanding Catholic spirit," reads another report. "They are a wonderful example of perfect mutual understanding. I like the great love that husband and wife have for each other as well as for their children, four boys and a girl."

On the second characteristic, a household spirit of warmth and joy with strong family unity, several interesting examples were cited.

"This family is a little community with the motto one for all and all for one," explained the writer. "Love and affection among the children reigns at every moment. One of the boys was very

fond of riding and wanted a horse but his parents said it was too expensive a gift to give one child alone. When his brothers and sisters heard this they immediately offered all their savings to buy the horse. When the parents saw this act of generosity, they gladly bought the boy the horse."

"The eleven children in this family," wrote another, "show great unity and deep love for each other and for our Creator. From oldest to youngest they show great love for their parents."

"I like the way the children share responsibilities among themselves," wrote still another. "They understand the great need for mutual help that exists in the world today."

All the families cited are notable for the third characteristic, a family life of prayer.

"Catholic in all ways," reads a typical report, "rosary every night with all the family, prayers before and after meals, Mass every Sunday and Communion for all every first Friday. I like the family especially because the girls, instead of going out too frequently with friends, stay by the side of their mother who is sick with an incurable disease."

"The family has great devotion to the Virgin of Fatima," another comment reads, "and all go to Communion every Saturday and Sunday. One of the small sons, a two-year-old baby, was kidnaped and held in ransom. We can imagine the sufferings this family endured. Yet the mother showed her truly Christian spirit by publicly forgiving the kidnaper."

It is notable that every family

chosen was cited for the fourth characteristic, love of neighbor through works of charity.

"All the family partakes in wonderful Catholic Action work," says a report. "The mother among other things does a beautiful job among the old people of San Vicente. The two girls are catechists in the same parish. The father and boys are admired for the fine example they give everywhere. They make the poor people feel that they are not receiving charity but sharing in what the family has."

"Doctor B. has founded a leper hospital and supports it with his own money. He cures the poor free."

"The family I chose has eight children, four boys and four girls. Parents and children give themselves generously. The oldest daughter has become a Visitation Sister. One of the boys takes an active part in a club to spread the Faith among the uneducated Indians of Peru."

One family was mentioned by the young ladies not once but four or five times and I decided to make its acquaintance. I found it consisted of Doctor Enrique Cipriani and Mrs. Isabel Throne de Cipriani with their nine children. They live in an attractive home across the street from the Immaculate Heart School and are a handsome couple, he sharp and intelligent, she svelte, smart, as animated as quicksilver.

"We are quite embarrassed to get such notoriety from the Villa Maria girls," remarked the doctor with a laugh. "It's probably our daughters' classmates trying to be loyal."

"But as I hear it, Doctor," I replied, "the record is there; you

can't deny it. What's the secret of it all?"

"We give much of the credit, Father, for whatever special enthusiasm for religion we have to the good Catholics of Long Island."

"Of Long Island?"

"Yes. Shortly after I got my degree as an eye doctor and Mrs. Cipriani and I were married, we went to New York for a year so that I could specialize. We rented a home in Long Island and were profoundly impressed by the wonderful Catholic life of the fine people whom we came to know in the parish in which we lived. We soon found ourselves having a delightful time at evening parties and socials.

"But what was more, we discovered that a number of the finest young couples with whom we mixed never failed, regardless of what the event of the night before was, to appear in church next morning for Mass and Holy Communion.

"We took up the practice and when we returned here we continued it. It was somewhat unusual here. At cocktail parties people would ask how we could come to such affairs and go to Communion next morning. We merely laughed off the remarks and suggested that they try it themselves, that there was nothing contradictory about enjoying oneself and going to the sacraments."

"Did your militant Catholicism cause you embarrassment in your social set?" I asked.

"Quite the contrary," replied Senora Cipriani. "As the children grew up we found our neighbors very happy to let their youngsters keep company with ours. The young

folks themselves seemed to pass the word that with the Ciprianis they were sure both to have a good time and to do the right thing."

This is quite what the Villa Maria young ladies implied on their questionnaires. Cecilia Gutierrez, one of those who chose the Cipriani family as her ideal, wrote, "The Ciprianis are a model of a modern Christian family. In the atmosphere of their home it is natural in my opinion that the children will be true Christians guided by such wonderful parents. It would be splendid to find many families like this one who give their children such a perfect education to be devout and happy and united and to be good citizens of Peru."

Doctor Cipriani was a founding member and first President of the men's branch of Catholic Action in Peru. He does a great deal of free practice at the Children's Hospital of Lima. He is a member and leader in the Serra Club of Peru which aims as in the United States to encourage vocations to the priesthood.

Within his profession the Doctor is President of the Guild of Catholic Doctors in Peru and founder of a free clinic. He is likewise a delegate of the Association of Fathers of Families of the Catholic Colleges of Peru.

Mrs. Cipriani, besides carefully raising her family, has a similar chain of charitable connections. She is President of the Society of St. Camillus which aims to care for the needy in the barrio of Buena Muerte. She engages regularly in house to house visitation for social work, helping families with matri-

monial problems, in the education of their children and in organizing Christian family life.

The *Opus Dei* has recently been organized in Peru and both the doctor and his wife are active in this almost exclusively lay movement to build a high level of spiritual and cultural excellence into the lives of lay leaders of the nation.

From Isabel, the eldest daughter, I secured through Sister San Gregorio a statement on the spiritual life of the Cipriani family. "Papa and Mama go to daily Mass and Communion. Every Sunday all of the nine children old enough to be able attend the 8:30 Mass at Santa Maria Church and go to Communion together. We recite the rosary together every evening. We practice the Nine First Fridays and the Five First Saturdays. We children have charities that we take care of. We are very much united and earnestly pray for God's blessing on our family, above all through the good example of our parents."

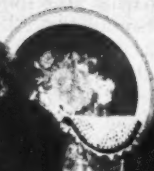
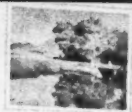
"Do you see reasons for encouragement as regards religion in Peru?" I asked Doctor Cipriani.

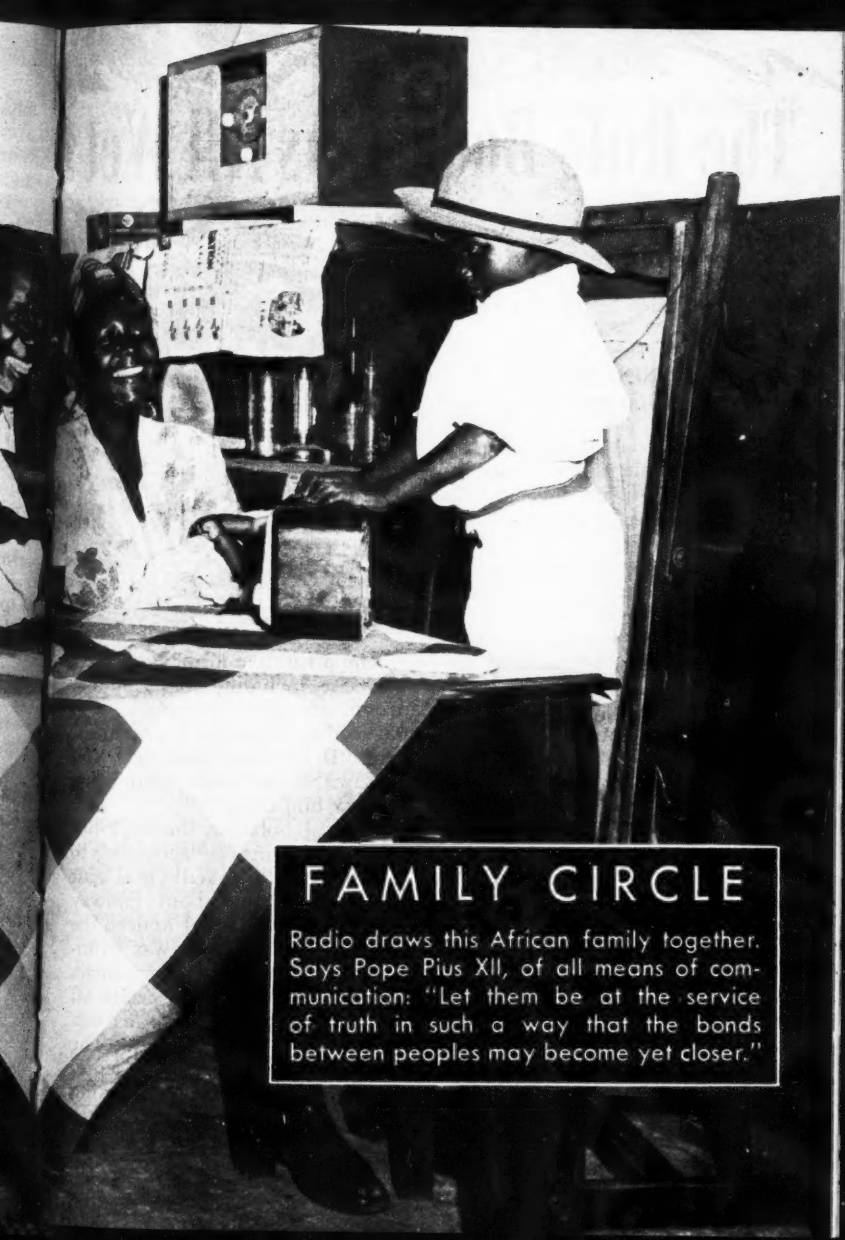
"Quite definitely," the doctor replied. "A true appreciation of Christian social action seems to be gaining ground."

"How do you explain this trend?"

"I think it comes from the disillusionment that is sweeping the world regarding the human institutions that men have believed would do greater service for them than religion. Thoughtful men everywhere see that religion after all must be accepted as an essential in all of life."

■ ■





FAMILY CIRCLE

Radio draws this African family together. Says Pope Pius XII, of all means of communication: "Let them be at the service of truth in such a way that the bonds between peoples may become yet closer."

The Rule Book Was All Wet

He came close to tragedy because he followed good advice.

BY GORDEN N. FRITZ, M.M.

■ IT STARTED out as an ordinary mission trip but almost ended in tragedy! Early in the morning my horse was stacked high with every conceivable thing I'd need for a week or more of visiting ranches out in tropic Bolivia's cattle country. The first ranch was two days away but my first stop was on the shores of the river Santa Maria, only ten miles from the mission.

I arrived there early, and met with a not-unusual Bolivian contretemps. Somebody had gone off with the port-canoe on a private fishing trip, leaving river-crossing travelers to fend for themselves. Fortunately I was somewhat prepared. Both the horse and I could swim; and just the night before an old-timer had given me a tip for floating things without a canoe.

"Always take along a poncho, Padre," he advised. "And when you get to a stream with no canoe, spread the poncho out flat. Tie up the neck tightly with a piece of string. Then take your flattest things and put them on the bottom — a folded blanket or your saddlebags — anything that will give the



poncho a raft-like form. Put everything else, including your clothing, on top. Tie the four corners up to make sides. Then test it in shallow water. If it floats, push off. You can tow the horse with you or come back for him later."

I left the horse on the bank but I did everything else according to Hoyle — and it worked! Or at least it did till I got about halfway across the river. Then I noticed the poncho was leaking. I was swimming too slowly and my poncho was old. The rubber had peeled off in a few places, and the water was beginning to seep through. The whole thing was beginning to settle! I redoubled my efforts, kicking furiously. But my leaking raft kept sinking. And the far shore seemed to stay in the same place!

I pushed and paddled and kicked like a demon. Water began coming over the edges! I was so far out I almost panicked. I had never had such a sensation in my life. I was ten miles from home, under a blazing tropic sun, and without a stitch of clothing! I visioned myself going back to the mission that night like a masculine Lady Godiva and didn't relish the thought. So I paddled with every ounce of energy I had. I almost cried out in grief as the waters closed over my bundle, about thirty feet from shore! As I slipped down under the bundle to hold it up from below, my feet touched solid ground! If I could have, I'd have bent down and kissed that solid ground.

Everything in the poncho was sopping wet but minutes later I had it all on shore. I was grateful that once for the burning sun that was helping to dry my things. My bread was soggy; half my rations were unusable but I wasn't going back. By midafternoon all my belongings were dry and I decided to pack up and continue on my way. The only possession I really had to throw out was my alarm clock — which I had never liked to begin with!

Late afternoon is a good time for traveling the pampas anyhow. As I saddled my horse I reflected on how good God is to fools — especially to young missionaries who will try anything in His service.

All this happened a dozen years ago but this is the first time I have had enough courage to tell about it. And all I know now is that I certainly don't want to have it happen again. ■ ■

APRIL, 1958

MARYKNOLLERS ON THE GO

... One in a Series



MAGIC CARPET? Well, till one comes along, Maryknollers in Hong Kong must ride trolley, ferry, bus, truck, sampan and ricksha to reach all the hundreds of thousands of refugees from Red China now crowded on the island. In their works of mercy and preaching the Gospel to the poor, our missionaries must travel every street and alley to the refugee camps, the waterfront and the hill settlements. Your gift of \$1, \$10, or \$100 will provide fare to keep them on the go. Will you help TODAY?

MARYKNOLL FATHERS

Maryknoll, New York

Dear Fathers,

I enclose \$..... to keep fare in the pockets of Maryknollers on the go in Hong Kong, winning all to Christ.

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City..... Zone..... State.....



SERENADE

Amidst the ruins of an ancient civilization near Cuzco, Peru, young Incan descendants serenade two new missionaries from America — Fathers Richard Sammon and William Nolan.

TRUDEL



What ONE Brother Can Do!

BROTHER RAYMOND NIHILL, OF SOUTH BOSTON, BEFORE GOING TO KOREA, STUDIED NURSING AT ST. VINCENT'S HOSPITAL, NEW YORK. THE SICK AND THE POOR CALL THIS MISSIONER THEIR VERY OWN.



IN KOREA THIS YEAR HE CELEBRATES HIS 28th ANNIVERSARY AS A MARYKNOLL MISSIONER. HE'S GIVEN A QUARTER OF A CENTURY TO HELPING CHRIST'S POOR.

MARYKNOLL FATHERS, MARYKNOLL, NEW YORK

4-58

Dear Fathers:

Please send me literature about becoming a Maryknoll

☐ Priest

☐ Brother

☐ Sister

(Check one) I understand this does not bind me in any way.

Name.....

Street.....

City.....Zone.....State.....

Age.....School.....Grade.....

WILLS
WILLS
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WILLS

Only YOU Can Make YOUR Will

Only you can divide your property fairly. Only you can see that all needs are met. Stop for a moment and ask yourself what would happen if you should die intestate. Would the division by law be exactly what you desire? Carelessness, delay, a feeling that wills are for the wealthy, or lack of thought about what happens when one dies intestate have caused much misery.

Why take the risk? Now, today, while you are "of sound mind and disposing memory," make your will!

Have You Done So Yet?

If you are like most of us, you may reply: "No, I just haven't got around to it yet. Besides, I'm not rich."

That is like saying, "I have no exciting news to write my mother, so why bother to write her at all?" Your mother wishes to hear from you, even if you haven't just been elected president. Making a will is a matter of affection, kindness, justice, as well as of law and property.

THE MARYKNOLL FATHERS, MARYKNOLL, NEW YORK

Please send me your free booklet that tells me how to make a Catholic will.

NAME _____

ADDRESS _____

CITY _____ ZONE _____ STATE _____

The Cult of the Individual

BY ALBERT J. NEVINS, M.M.

■ SOMEONE ONCE called the twentieth century "an age of heresies." What the writer meant is that this is a time of materialism, exaggerated nationalism, secularism, and communism. In any such roll call, one heresy that ought to be included and placed high on the list is the biased and distorted cult of the individual.

Everywhere we turn today we can find examples of the glorification of the individual ego. Practically every advertising appeal is rooted in this natural attraction of personal interest. "You can retire at 55." "Your hair will be more beautiful if . . ." "You . . . You . . . You." This approach is successful because it has its foundation in our very nature.

When Lucifer revolted against God, he fought his battle under the flag of the cult of individualism. Original sin came into this world because Adam placed individual pride above the good of mankind. Right down through history until our own day, wars have been fought merely to satisfy individual ambitions and pride.

The child born into the world arrives with a consciousness only of himself. He makes himself the center of the universe. As he learns to speak, his conversation is studded

with personal pronouns. The very first words he learns to utter are "me" and "my." Everything belongs to him personally. "My doggie. My house. My daddy. My potatoes. My. My. My."

It takes concentrated effort and systematic education on the part of parents to make the child realize that he is only one member of a family, that the family does not exist solely for him, that certain rights and privileges must be subordinated to the common good. He must be taught that he doesn't own his family but belongs to it. Many children grow up never grasping this fact. Often as a result of such self-centered distortion, personality problems develop, not the least of which is juvenile delinquency.

THE terrible tragedy of the cult of the individual is that its principles are easily transferred to the spiritual life. "Christ lived and died for me. My only purpose in life is saving my own soul. The Church exists for my salvation." Every Catholic must be interested in saving his own soul, but unfortunately for too many the interest and obligation stops there.

The vocation of a Catholic is a vocation outside himself. He belongs to a world Church. He must

be as interested in the most remote man as he is in himself. He must be as concerned with saving the soul of an Indian or Chinese or Korean as in saving his own.

Christ did not tell us to love ourselves. He always assumed we would do that; He took it for granted. He knows the working of our human nature. He realizes the personal importance each man places on his own individual good.

But Christ did say that we should love our neighbors as we love ourselves. A Christian is a universalist who can have no part in the cult of the individual. Saving his own soul is not enough. He must reach out and save the world.

The individual is but a molecule in the cell called "family," and the family is but one unit in the greater body — the world family. There is an interdependence here that must subordinate the individual.

Every Catholic must be aware of the Achilles heel he possesses. He must guard against it, realizing that the Church dies when the cult of the individual flourishes.

"The Catholic vitality of a nation is measured in the sacrifices it is capable of making for the missionary cause," says the Holy Father. "Nothing is more foreign to the Church of Christ . . . nothing is more harmful to her life than isolation, retiring into oneself, and all the forms of collective egotism that induce a particular Christian community to close up within itself."



Maryknoll

Catholic Foreign Mission
Society of America, Inc.

TO THOSE WHO LOVE GOD ALL
THINGS WORK TOGETHER FOR GOOD



Maryknoll, the Catholic Foreign Mission Society of America, was established in 1911 by the American bishops to recruit, train, send and support American missionaries in areas overseas assigned to Maryknoll by the Holy Father. Maryknoll is supported entirely by free will offerings and uses no paid agents.

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"While our heart embraces the whole world's flock of Christ, it turns with special feeling towards you, beloved children of the United States . . . Every nation has its mission society. Yours is Maryknoll. Your society for foreign missions, Maryknoll . . . counts among its missionaries so many of your heroes and heroines."

— Pope Pius XII in Mission Sunday
Address to American Catholics



This Is the Way We Buried Felix

BY ROBERT F. FRANSEN, M.M.

■ IT DOESN'T seem right to say that Felix's funeral was hilarious but it was certainly unique.

Just a few days ago, poor old Felix was brought down from San Lorenzo, about four days' trip up Bolivia's Beni River. He made his peace with God here in our San Jose parish, and a few hours later rendered his soul to God.

Friends and relatives gathered at the church door as two men carried the heavy plain coffin. They had tied wide strips of bark around each end; by a pole thrust beneath the two strands they carried the coffin. There was nothing unusual in all that.

After the prayers had been said we started off for the cemetery. Four men had been assigned as pallbearers; they took turns. Although all had imbibed a bit too much during the wake, they were very quiet about their business. But they were in a hurry. They went from the church to the cemetery — about a mile and a half — in not more than twenty-five minutes.

I led the rosary as we trotted along. Soon I was out of breath and the perspiration was pouring down

my face. Other people in the cortege made valiant efforts to keep up and answer the prayers of the rosary too. Some were able to catch up to us only when the pallbearers changed off.

A few of the women tried to get the pallbearers to go more slowly but that only made them go faster.

All along the route people stood in silent respect as we passed, but they must have wondered what manner of funeral we have inaugurated, here in San Jose parish, as we went loping by.

Well, we got to the cemetery without mishap. After everyone had had a few minutes to catch breath I read the prayers and blessed the grave. A man found half a brick and nailed down the top of the coffin. Then came the problem of lowering it into the grave.

They split the bark strips down the middle to make them twice as long, to lower the coffin all the way down. In my imagination I could see the coffin breaking the bark ropes, but they held. We sprinkled a few clods of earth on top of the coffin. And that is the way we buried Felix. ■ ■

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No Human Need



goes unpleaded by these Cloistered Maryknoll Sisters. Day and night, their prayers ascend for the whole world — and for you. They circle the world.

Their present convent has been condemned as a fire hazard. Will you help them build a new convent where they may continue their Apostolate of Prayer and Sacrifice?

THE CLOISTERED MARYKNOLL SISTERS

Maryknoll, N. Y.

I wish to share in your Apostolate of Prayer. I enclose \$.....
for the construction of your new convent.

Name.....

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"Throw it to me, Sister!" say those eager hands and grins in Guayaramerin.

What a Welcome Home!

Every day is healing day
in her jungle dispensary.

BY SISTER ANN ELIZABETH

■ Rows of medicine bottles on the shelves; rolls of bandages stacked for use; instruments ready; card file in order. Two weeks in the city of Cochabamba had made me realize that Guayaramerin, our jungle mission, is home. I glanced out the window at the crowd waiting patiently outside the gate, and said a quiet prayer of gratitude for the

privilege of working for God's poor in this corner of Bolivia.

"Good morning, *Madrecita!* Welcome back!" They crowded close as I opened the gate, and the line queued up the path.

I was stitching an ugly cut in an eight-year-old's arm. He'd been watching his daddy cut rubber, and the knife had slipped. Not a whimper out of him as I worked.

"Good boy," I said, with an encouraging smile. He grinned faintly in return.

"*Madre*, my wife has been bitten by a snake and is dying!"

It was Isidro, our handyman. He stood in the doorway for a moment

and then hurried off down the street, confident that I would follow him.

"Elvira," I called my capable assistant in from the waiting room. "I can't leave this child now and Clarita needs immediate attention. Will you run down to Isidro's and see what you can do for her?"

One after another they came, people with hookworm, jungle fever, impetigo, bodies emaciated but hearts sure that they would find help at our dispensary. The line was growing longer. I was relieved when Elvira returned.

"Clarita seems to be holding her own, Sister. Her brother had cut around the bite by the time I arrived, and the blood was flowing freely. Isidro will bring her here in a little while."

There was a rustle of excitement in the waiting room. Ten-year-old Socorro, sobbing, pushed her way into the treatment room.

"Sister, please come. It's time for the baby to be born, and my mother cannot deliver it."

Juanita, a good soul, is one of numerous hard-working mothers of large families, in our beloved Guayaramerin, who have had many and diverse problems. The past year has been a difficult one for her, with unusual deprivation and the consequent worries as to how to provide for her seven poor but quite happy little children.

I dropped everything, told the patients to wait, and hurried down the path after Socorro. Fortunately her mother was not too badly off. I did what I could and left. I told the midwife to call me if needed.

HIGH-SCHOOL GRADUATES

are accepted as postulants by the Maryknoll Sisters if they have other necessary qualifications. Contrary to current rumor, a college degree is not required although very welcome.

Back at the dispensary, Elvira and I worked quickly, hoping to make room for Clarita in our cramped quarters. When she arrived, a glance told me that she was in bad condition.

"Sister!" It was Socorro at the door again, eyes wild. "The baby is born but it's not breathing."

"It just *has* to breathe!" I thought, remembering the last little one that had lived only a day. "Dear Lord, please let it breathe."

We worked against time, continuing our prayers. And the baby did breathe.

By the time I returned to the dispensary, Clarita was writhing on the floor. We sent for Father to anoint her. Meanwhile I continued the medical treatments, and her condition began to improve.

It was dusk when the last of the patients had been treated and the last request for medicine had been filled — penicillin for Guadalupe's six-year-old son. Later that evening, Clarita was well enough to be carried home. She was hardly out the door when Guadalupe was carried in on a mat. She had been stabbed by her husband.

What a hectic welcome home. I certainly knew I was home; there is no place like it. ■ ■



Would You Like to Take a Walk?

Which reader of this magazine would walk 50 miles to Mass?

BY GEORGE M. CARROLL, M.M.

■ WALKING is almost a lost art in the United States of America but in other places throughout the world "shanks' mare" is still the old reliable means of getting to a destination.

On my frequent trips up, down and across South Korea by jeep, I am always amazed at the Koreans I see walking along the roads and bypaths of the country districts. I love to stop every now and then and talk to the walkers. On a recent jaunt to and from Pusan, Mr. Frank Bruno and I traveled close to 1,500 miles by jeep. I thought maybe you would like to meet some of the people we met along the way.

On the road from Tan Yang, where Father John Heisse, Maryknoller from Chicago, lives, to Che Chon (Father Coffey, of Detroit) we met a most interesting old man. He was a real Korean gentleman; wore a

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high hat with its cone-shaped wax-paper rain covering. We stopped and chatted with him as he smoked one of my cigarettes. He had come from a place about 100 miles to the south. When asked if he had walked all the way he told us he had taken a bus over the high mountain but had walked the rest of the way. That meant he had walked over 80 miles. His age? Only 79.

We met hundreds of people walking to market in various places. There were young men and young women, old men and old women, children. Some were carried on their mothers' backs; others trudged alongside older sisters or brothers or held mothers' hands. Baskets and boxes, bundles wrapped in cloth on the heads of the women held eggs, vegetables, rice, brooms. These would be traded at the market (market days are held every fifth day in designated towns). The younger people journeyed along with lively steps; the oldsters patiently plodded, with frequent rests along the way.

At Hongchon, where we stayed one night with the Columban Fathers, we met at least a hundred people who had walked as much as ten miles to receive a daily ration of a milk-cornmeal mush prepared at the Catholic Relief Services feeding station, operated by the Columban Fathers. It was a long walk for a bowl of mush but for many of them it was the only thing in the line

of grain they would have to eat.

Country Koreans walk long distances to come to church. This is especially true on big feast days. I wonder how many in the U.S. have

walked 50 or 60 miles to go to Mass and receive the sacraments. People I know at home hop in a car and drive five or six blocks to

church — and some think that they have a hard time on Sunday.

Walking, we are told, is good for one's health but most of us prefer to get our exercise in an easy way. Korean school children should be healthy because most of them walk long distances to school. In the U.S. children have a breakfast before they leave for school but in Korea today it is not uncommon to find children who come to school without breakfast, carry no lunch. They have their only meal when they go home in the afternoon.

I knew an example of a good walker in the person of the Most Reverend Germain Mousett, of the Paris Foreign Mission Society, who died last week at the age of 82. He had spent 57 years in Korea. He thought nothing of walking from his residence to the seminary on the other side of Seoul — ten miles. He did this regularly until a few months before his death.

Jeeps are gradually making missionaries mechanized men. However, there are many places where even the jeep cannot travel; walking will not die out in South Korea. ■ ■

YOU CAN BE SURE

when you send an offering to Maryknoll that the entire amount, 100% of your gift, is used for missionary work. Maryknoll has no paid agents.



Holy Week services commemorate the principal mysteries of man's redemption.

Easter Help-Out

It all was new and strange and hectic — and also memorable.

BY WALTER T. KELLEHER, M.M.

■ DOWN the coast of Japan southward from Tokyo, about seven or eight hours' ride on the train, stand

the twin cities of Uji-Yamada, now known as Ise. There my fellow Bronxite, Father Donald J. Carron, is pastor, with Oklahoma's Father James K. Nishimuta as his curate.

I had been assigned from language school to help them during Holy Week. As soon as I arrived, I began to work. Riding behind the pastor on his motorcycle, I went to the Red Cross Hospital for the baptism of a woman who was dying of cancer.

That night, Father Carron put me into the parish truck for a bumpy ride to a meeting of the Neighborhood Association. It was held in the home of the Sakai family. Ten of us squatted on the mat floor around a low table and a charcoal brazier. The group included the host's palsied son, whose keen mind

shone through his crippled body as we prayed, talked and laughed together. We discussed Buddhism and the Catholic Faith.

Early the next morning, Holy Thursday, a phone call from the tuberculosis sanatorium outside of town told us of the death of a catechumen. The caller asked if we would take the woman's body, as there was no hearse available. Off we went in the truck, after first picking up the customary coffin, about the size of a footlocker.

We found the woman's mother and daughter already at the sanatorium. The nurses put the body in the coffin, and the trussed-up box was lifted aboard the truck. Tuberculosis being the number one killer in Japan, all victims must be cremated within twenty-four hours after death, according to law. As the woman had died the night before, we drove to the crematorium on the other side of town. Before leaving the body in the waiting room, we read several prayers for the dead and blessed the coffin.

We got home in time for a late, quick lunch, and then helped Father Nishimuta rehearse the altar boys for the evening ceremonies. The Sisters erected a beautiful repository, and soon everything was ready for the solemn Mass. Father Nishimuta officiated.

It was the first Holy Thursday on which I saw the *mandatum* performed. Before the ceremony, a

Catholic doctor had refused to allow the priest to wash his feet. After the Gospel story of Peter's similar refusal and its rebuff was read at the Mass, however, he took his place

among twelve men whose feet were to be washed.

After Mass, parishioners kept watch before the repository.

One group relieved another during the evening and the following day. It was my privilege to perform the Good Friday liturgy. As I distributed Communion, I felt great admiration for the number of people who flocked to the altar rail.

Holy Saturday was another big day. After all confessions were heard, it was time for the Easter Vigil, blessing of the paschal candle and baptismal font, and baptisms. These were followed by the meaningful renewal of baptismal vows by the people.

Then came the beautiful Easter midnight Mass, with Father Carron as celebrant. In the middle of his sermon, a five-year-old boy began to whistle, loud and clear. Sister Rose promptly came forward and sat beside the offender. He was quiet for the rest of Mass.

All in all, the Holy Week was one of the most inspiring that I can remember. With slow steps I left for Kyoto, on the first leg of my journey back to Tokyo and my language studies. Now I have an added incentive to pound the books a little harder. Someday I may return to Ise to stay.

WE ACKNOWLEDGE ALL

mail immediately. If you do not receive a quick reply, won't you please write and let us know?



Palm Sunday in Condebamba, Bolivia



Father Robert Remitz performs the ancient ceremony of washing the feet of the poor. When the washing is over, he kisses each foot.

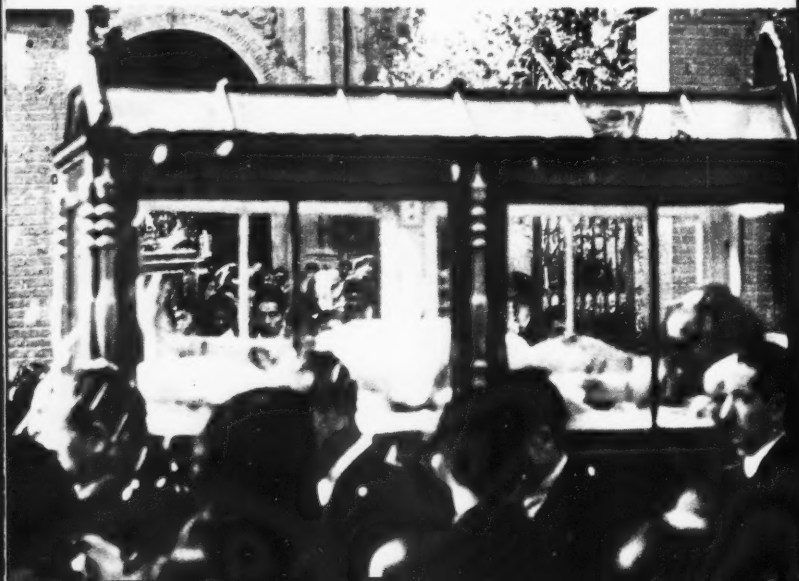
■ **HOLY WEEK** in the Andes is an experience never to be forgotten. It is celebrated with all the pomp and pageantry of old Spain. The people of the Andes do not hide their emotions. High light of the week is the Good Friday commemoration when a statue of Christ is buried in an outlying tomb. The statue is escorted to the tomb in a great procession in which are carried, also, statues of the Blessed Mother and the Apostle John. ■■

ANDEAN HOLY WEEK

APRIL, 1958



High light of Good Friday is the procession to Calvario (a distant chapel). The corpus is taken off the cross, placed in a glass coffin, a procession is formed. It is a great honor to be pallbearer.



it
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The Indians come in from all parts of the mountains to take part in the ceremonies of Holy Week. The emotional drama appeals to them.



Father James Courneen gives out blessed palm at our Calacala parish in Bolivia. Many Indians bring their own decorated palms.



In the Good Friday procession that takes the statue of Christ to the tomb, a statue of the Sorrowful Mother is carried by girls.

GOOD READING

Her Name Is Mercy

Sister Maria del Rey's stirring saga of a Maryknoll Sister-doctor in war-ravaged Korea, bringing the love of Christ to a wearied, worried, forgotten people. **\$3.95**

Adventures of Men of Maryknoll

True-to-life, yet hard-to-believe, adventures of American missionaries, in their daily work in far corners of the world. Father Nevins is author. **\$3.00**

The Making of a Priest

The story of a vocation — step by step as a young man advances towards the priesthood. Text by Father Nevins, photos by William H. Lathrop **\$3.95**



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The Old Lady's Secret



BY MARK A. TENNIEN, M.M.

No one could recognize the leper woman. What was she hiding?

■ TWENTY YEARS ago, Father Joseph A. Sweeney was caring for a group of lepers who had built shacks in a cemetery near his mission in South China.

In one of the shacks lived white-haired Lo Mo, or "Old Mother." It was the only name by which she was known. She kept everything personal shrouded in secrecy.

Like most of the lepers cared for by Father Sweeney, Lo Mo became a convert. She gave only her family name for the record, when she was baptized in 1937. She would not tell her husband's name or residence, in order to safeguard her secret.

When Lo Mo was approaching ninety, she knew that death was not far away. She had become totally blind and crippled by leprosy. One day she told Father Sweeney a small part of the secret that she had guarded through many years. I will tell the story as Father Sweeney told it to me.

One evening, when Lo Mo was a

young mother, she was lighting candles and joss sticks at the family shrine, and a candle flame burned her arm. She didn't feel any pain at the time; but soon an ugly sore developed, and it would not heal. During the next few months, she realized that she had felt no pain from the burning candle because she was a leper. Sleepless nights and agony of mind followed, while she treated, as best she could, the leprous sore on her arm.

One night she made the most difficult decision of her life. When all members of the family were asleep, she took one last look at her children; then she left home. Blindly, she started down the highway to Canton.

For a while Lo Mo managed to conceal her ailment. She visited one doctor after another, hoping to find some new treatment that would cure her. When her money was gone, she sold her jewels and her fine clothes.

Eventually, Lo Mo joined the

ragged lepers at the outskirts of the city. Like them, she begged passers-by for coins. The leprosy had distorted her once-beautiful face beyond recognition, and made it ugly.

By slow and painful stages, Lo Mo came to the cemetery where Father Sweeney cared for lepers. There she lived for years. Her dreams at night were of her old home — so different from her shack, with its grimy mat on the damp cemetery ground. More than once she thought of ending her life, but something always stopped her from taking that final step.

Lo Mo admitted to Father Sweeney that mother's love broke down her decision once, but only once. She longed for a look at her children. One night, before she lost the use of her legs completely and before her fingers were gone, she could not resist the desire to visit her family once again. She covered her sores and took to the road, limping painfully all the way back to her home.

For days she sat in the street and watched her house. Her grown sons passed by and tossed her a few

coins, not knowing why the tears were streaming down the old leper woman's face. Servants whom she once ruled threw her copper coins. Even her husband passed by with-

out recognizing her. But before she could see her youngest daughter, the servants complained about her presence and drove her away.

The heartbroken old mother struggled back to the leper home in the cemetery. Sometimes she heard lepers tell of a certain rich woman who, many years earlier, had mysteriously disappeared from a beautiful home not far away. Lo Mo could tell who that woman was, but her lips remained closed.

Once, however, she told Father Sweeney that her sacrifice was well repaid. She had kept her secret, saved her family from disgrace and from leprosy, and in her sufferings she had found God. But she never did tell Father Sweeney her husband's name or where she had lived. The brave woman carried her secret to the grave, when she died during the Chinese-Japanese War in 1940. May she rest in the peace she so well deserved. ■ ■

FOR YOUR CONVENIENCE

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Our legal title is
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THIS MONTH'S COVER

TEACHING THE IGNORANT. In the past generation great strides have been made in education. But there are millions of people still unable to read or write. To illustrate one of the works of mercy, Joseph Watson Little has painted the warm picture on our cover this month. It shows a young Formosan reading a catechism to his non-Christian grandfather. The old man is saying his Buddhist rosary while he ponders the truths of his grandson's new-found faith.

SCHOOLS AND ORPHANAGES

in Maryknoll missions need the following amounts annually to care for poor children.

BOLIVIA

Riberalta	Two primary schools, each \$1,000	\$2,000
	Technical school	1,000
Guayaramerin	Primary school	1,000
Cobija	Primary school	1,000
Calacala	Primary school	1,000

CHILE

Three primary schools, each \$2,000	\$6,000
Eight primary schools, each \$1,000	8,000

AFRICA

Twelve primary schools, each \$1,000	\$12,000
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HONG KONG

Three primary schools, each \$1,000	\$3,000
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PHILIPPINES

Pakil	High school	\$1,000
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KOREA

Chang Ho Wun	Primary and middle school	\$2,000
Chong Ju	Orphanage	1,000
Che Chon	Orphanage	1,000

FORMOSA

Taichung	Four orphanages, each \$1,000	\$4,000
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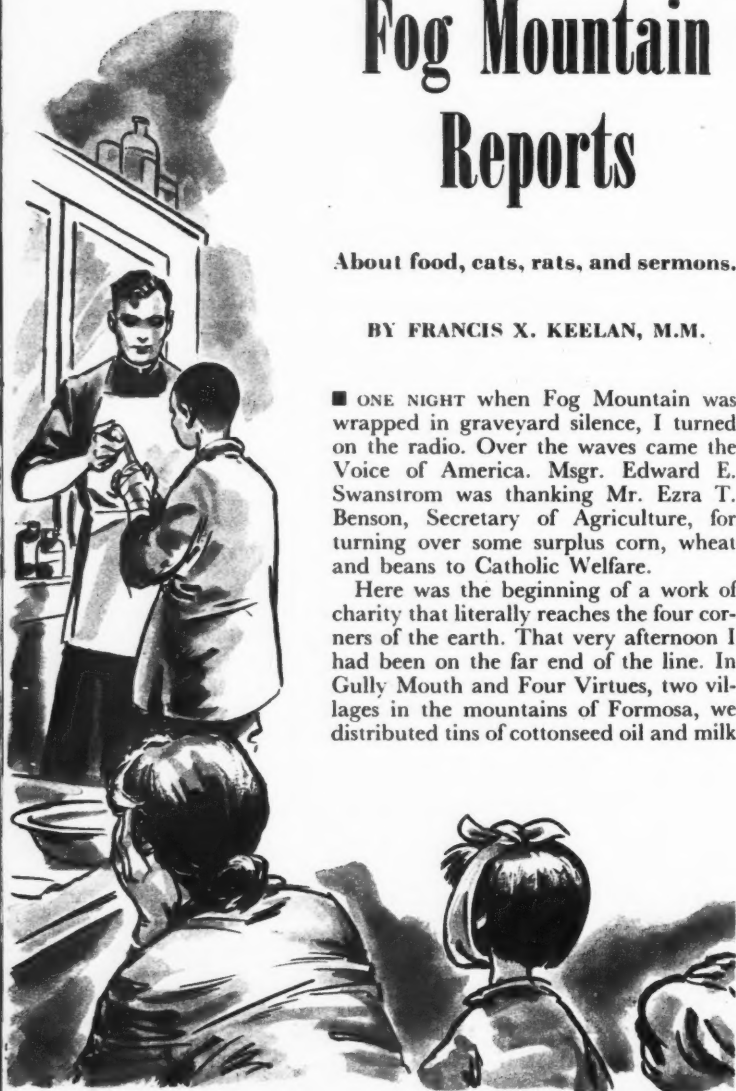
Fog Mountain Reports

About food, cats, rats, and sermons.

BY FRANCIS X. KEELAN, M.M.

■ ONE NIGHT when Fog Mountain was wrapped in graveyard silence, I turned on the radio. Over the waves came the Voice of America. Msgr. Edward E. Swanstrom was thanking Mr. Ezra T. Benson, Secretary of Agriculture, for turning over some surplus corn, wheat and beans to Catholic Welfare.

Here was the beginning of a work of charity that literally reaches the four corners of the earth. That very afternoon I had been on the far end of the line. In Gully Mouth and Four Virtues, two villages in the mountains of Formosa, we distributed tins of cottonseed oil and milk



powder, "Compliments of Uncle Sam."

For most of the people, that was their first contact with a foreigner and a priest. We return thanks for them and ask God to bless America.

MY CAT died last week. No word of sorrow was heard from Agnes, the cook. In fact, she said he'll never be missed. They weren't friends.

Once Agnes was cooking a fishhead to go with her rice. In a moment of carelessness, she left the kitchen. When she got back, the frying pan was sizzling with nothing in it and the cat was wolfing down the fishhead under a tree. That afternoon she caught up with him. After a clobbering with one of her wooden shoes, she carried him back to me.

"Look," she said, "he doesn't even pull his feet up!"

Surely enough, his feet hung down. To anyone in the Orient, that's the worst thing a cat could be guilty of, except perhaps stealing a fishhead from a working girl.

When buying a cat, a Formosan lifts it up by the nape of the neck. If it draws up its hind feet, it's worth feeding. If not, it's marked for a sad and short existence.

RECENTLY, in Taipei, a legislator called the attention of the lawmakers to some pertinent statistics. There are three rats, he claimed, to every person in Formosa. In three months rats are capable of increasing ninefold. At the end of a year, the rat brigade can reach the staggering total of 27,500,000. This

grand army could consume, in a year, 27,500,000 kilos of rice.

The chairman of the Assembly asked each family to mobilize to exterminate. We sprayed DDT around to kill the rats, but cats died at a high rate. Some other plan must be devised to save the situation.

RECENTLY I heard a discussion about when young priests should begin preaching in this strange tongue. I remember my own first, painful effort. It was in a little Christian settlement in China. The late Father Leo Foley, pastor, had gone on a trip.

Things got off to a bad start that Sunday morning. As I sprinkled holy water on the congregation, the top of the asperger flew off and just missed the Widow T'ang. As I was trying for distance at the time, she could easily have been injured.

Reading the Gospel, my mouth suddenly went dry at the thought of the ordeal that was upon me. My tongue grew stiff and clumsy. I must have presented a terrifying appearance, because every baby in church started to cry, girls giggled, and young men nudged each other. Only one person — an old man — seemed to be paying attention. Those were the longest three minutes of my life.

Father Foley returned later. "How did things go?" he asked.

I tried to be conservative, but used a few superlatives about the old man. Father Foley chuckled.

"That old man," he said, "is the only Christian who doesn't ask for anything. He's been deaf and dumb for years."



Real Nervous

This jungle missionary dreams of the day he'll own a hot rod.

BY STEPHEN J. MASKELL, M.M.

■ SOME TEEN-AGERS would be inclined, I think, to describe as real nervous the ride I take each week end to visit Agua Dulce and other mission stations along the banks of the Madre De Dios River in Bolivia.

I travel not in a hot rod but in a boat powered by a 4½ h.p. motor.

Yet speed has become a necessity in these days. Perhaps I should explain why.

I am a high-school professor and the high school is in Riberalta, where the Pando Vicariate has its headquarters. Here Bishop Danehy established the school as a line of defense against the attacks of bad example on the youth of our jungle world. Like most priest-teachers in the States I look forward to the week-end helping out dates as opportunities to function in the active ministry, to say Mass for the people, to preach and to bring the sacraments to the faithful.

I start my week-end trip at ten each Saturday morning. From Riberalta to Agua Dulce was a run of some six hours, ordinarily. But I couldn't afford to waste six hours of precious daylight.

Over the years the response in Agua Dulce has been excellent and

MARYKNOLL

ever-increasing. Nearby settlements too, in imitation, and with fairly regular visitation, began to want a bit more attention in a spiritual way. Here and there a small chapel and school were erected by the folks who lived in the area — generally small farmers and rubber workers. Thus were developed Santa Rosa, Valparaiso and San Jose.

With the help of local teachers, small rural schools didn't do badly in the instruction of the children in catechism and prayers and at least the preliminary to the First Communion preparation. At Agua Dulce thirty-six children were corraled for regular schooling in a one-room schoolhouse.

The high school in Riberalta did its part too in all this. From its mimeograph room went out teacher-aid material and copies of the dialogue Mass and hymns; and quite a few boys from the ranks of the senior class volunteered to be part-time catechists. These, dropped off along the route, teach the children a bit more than they can get from their regular teachers, and gather all hands for the Mass next day.

To reach more places in daylight I tried out an idea: taking the motor from the regular boat and attaching it to the smallest dugout canoe that would bear it. This reduced the running time to Agua Dulce from six to three hours. But now the ride is something to remember!

With the relaxation of the Eucharistic fast, many more people can now receive Communion and the reception of the sacraments with frequency ranks large in my sermons.

APRIL, 1958

Despite an early start on Sunday morning the trip downriver to the second place where I say Mass takes nearly an hour. With an hour more for confessions before Mass it is nearly nine o'clock before Mass can begin.

Then off to the second stop, almost an hour away, where there is generally an hour and a half of confessions before the third Mass. I have run out of morning by the time this Mass gets started.

The evening Mass solves the problem in some places, where it is possible to have a Mass at about five o'clock. Any later hour would mean that the people would be returning home through the jungle in the dark — which is not safe.

Another river town has petitioned for Mass and sacraments. The men of the area are getting together and have promised to build a chapel and school. This good will on their part must not be neglected. But an additional hour's run upstream can't possibly be made in daylight, with the traveling equipment I have on hand.

About the only solution is the purchase of a high-speed motor. In the 16 to 25 h.p. bracket, that will enable me to take the six needed catechists with me. On their help depends much of the proposed plan for orderly and solid progress.

Oh yes, there is one thing more — I'll have to be looking for two more catechists before too long. Two of my volunteer catechists have asked me to make arrangements for them to enter the Puno Seminary at the beginning of the next school year.

■ ■

Letters *of the month*

WE DO NOT PUBLISH ANY LETTER WITHOUT THE WRITER'S CONSENT

Help from Heaven

A year ago I wrote to say I would be unable to send my contribution because our son was born with a heart disease and our medical expenses were so high. You promised prayers and sent along a medal for the baby. In July 1956 we were told by some of the best doctors that he had a three valve heart instead of four and that his chances weren't too hopeful. In March 1957 he was in Boston Children's Hospital. The doctors reported that he had a perfect heart structure with possibly a hole in one valve causing a murmur. Now how did that fourth valve come about when eight months before he didn't have it? As you can see from his picture, he is quite a young man today. I sincerely believe that the prayers said by you Maryknollers and ourselves had everything to do with bringing this about. Now that our expenses have dropped off I can again send you my small contribution.

NAME WITHHELD

East Andover, N. H.

Resolution

Here comes some money for the missions. I saved it by giving up a lot of things. I hope it saves somebody from starving. I'm nine years old.

THERESA ANN MCGRATH
Homewood, Ill.

Green Man

I am a professional photographer and I am green with envy every time your wonderful magazine arrives in the mail.

ROBERT HUSTON

New York City

Proportion

I sometimes wonder if we are not too lavish in our own country, too much easy living. Father Reymann wrote about the scarcity of priests in his territory. It seems a shame for babies to go unbaptized and old folks to die without the sacraments. Do you think that in this country we overcultivate, while in mission lands people are starving for the truth? Shouldn't we send more missionaries and more money to the missions?

MRS. ELLIOTT E. COLLISON

Blue Earth, Minn.

Integration

The Maryknoll magazine has done much in getting me to understand people of other races. I have learned to look at them as people and I find them interesting. I can remember when I rejected them and didn't see them as individuals. Now I go out of my way to know them. For the past two years I have been a saleslady and have occasion to meet many different races. Many come back to me with friends saying how kind I was in helping them. Now I wish that

all would feel like I do. What a wonderful world it would be. What I am trying to say is thank you for helping me and maybe countless others who will never tell you. Yours is a wonderful work all over the world to bring God's love to all mankind.

MRS. JOSEPH NEILIST

Philadelphia

Query

Where is Indy Ann? I miss her.

LARRY KOPACK

Pewaukee, Wis.

Indy Ann went on a vacation because we didn't feel enough readers were interested in her antics. If you want her back, write to the editor.

Objections

Boy! That lady who won't help Maryknoll by renewing her subscription for one measly dollar because she has to send her son to college sure makes me mad. I hope he flunks out.

JERRY O'ROURKE

New York City

How sorry I feel for the Milwaukee party. Who could store up more riches for himself than helping a priest? I'm curious to know what college her son attends. I'll bet it's not a Catholic one.

MRS. LEONARD MALBY

LaCrosse, Wash.

Regarding that person who could not renew her subscription because she is putting her son through college. If she would have just stopped her letter there. Doesn't she ever stop to think that we could become beggars overnight? In fact we're always begging from the Lord.

HANNAH SCHAEFER

Philadelphia

APRIL, 1958

So she cannot afford your magazine because she has to put her son through college! I wonder if she realizes how fortunate she is to have a son. Many would be glad of that privilege.

MRS. EMMA KIRSCH

Gulph Mills, Pa.

If I had written my first thoughts after reading that letter, the paper would have burned. You certainly are following in Christ's footsteps, keeping silent when being crucified. Now that I know just what kind of people you have to deal with, along with the poor and needy, I will pray all the harder for you.

MRS. WALTER D. MCFARLAND

Greenville, Ohio

The letter from the individual in Milwaukee struck a responsive chord in me. No doubt others had similar reactions. I admit that every once in a while when an appeal comes, I get fed up. Then the grace of God reminds me that after all everyone is free to ask. I don't have to give. But why don't Catholics make better use of their Faith?

LILLIAN TUPAC

San Francisco

That person says God helps those who help themselves. I mailed a small contribution this morning. This afternoon I sold three geranium plants. It comes back every time. Giving is not an onerous duty but a privilege beyond price.

MARTHA COOK

Seal Rock, Ore.

That Milwaukee writer made me see red. Such conceit. I went to church and gave the pastor a stipend to say Mass for her.

MRS. HELEN M. WALSH

Brooklyn

RECIPES FROM AROUND THE WORLD



Everybody Likes Chicken

■ **CHICKEN** is a universal food. Wherever you travel around the world, you will find domestic fowl scratching the ground in search of food. Here are some of the ways our neighbors around the world prepare chicken dishes.

SWEET STUFFING (Albania)

- 2 cups soft bread crumbs
- ½ cup butter
- ¼ cup currants
- ¼ cup raisins
- ½ cup chopped mixed nuts
- ¼ cup sugar
- 1 tablespoon chicken broth

Brown lightly the bread crumbs in butter. Add the remaining ingredients, one by one, mixing well. Toss the whole lightly. Fill a 3- to 4-pound chicken with stuffing. Roast chicken in normal manner.

CHICKEN HIMALAYAN (Pakistan)

- 1 small onion
- 1 medium ginger root

- 2 tablespoons pepper
- 1 teaspoon salt
- 1 cup of yogurt
- 4 pound roasting chicken
- ¼ cup butter

Shred onion and ginger together. If fresh ginger root is unavailable, substitute ⅛ teaspoonful of ground ginger. Mix with pepper, salt, and yogurt; then pour over chicken. Pierce chicken all over with fork, and rub mixture in. Soak for an hour or longer. Melt butter in deep pan and cook chicken slowly (about two hours), turning frequently. Chicken may be roasted if preferred.

CHICKEN CURRY (Burma)

- 4 pound stewing chicken
- Hot water
- 2 tablespoons of salt

- ¼ cup salad oil
- 4 chili peppers
- 1 cup finely chopped onion
- ½ teaspoon saffron

Cubed chicken
 Chicken broth
 1 tablespoon cornstarch
 ¼ cup cold water
 3 cups hot rice

Place chicken in deep pot, cover with hot water, add salt, and simmer until tender (about two hours). Drain chicken, saving broth. Remove meat from bones, and cube it. Heat salad oil in saucepan, adding finely crushed peppers, chopped onion, and saffron. Cook until onion is soft. Add cubed chicken and 2 cups of the chicken broth. Simmer 20 minutes. Meanwhile blend ¼ cup of cold water with cornstarch. Add to hot sauce to thicken. Continue cooking, stirring constantly for five minutes. Serve over hot rice. *Makes 3 to 4 servings.*

STEWED CHICKEN MAYAN (Mexico)

3 to 4 pounds of chicken, cut up
 Flour
 Salt
 Pepper
 ¼ cup shortening
 1 medium-size onion, chopped
 1 medium-size tomato, chopped
 1 cup raisins
 ½ cup sliced stuffed olives
 1 ½ cups water
 1 stick Spanish cinnamon

Dip chicken in flour, salt and pepper. Brown in shortening. Add onion and tomato and cook 5 minutes. Add raisins, olives and 1 ½ cups of water. Simmer for 1 ½ hours. Add cinnamon and stir for

5 minutes. Strip chicken from bones With wild rice and corn, *serves 6.*

ALMOND STUFFING (India)

4 small boiled potatoes
 2 hard-cooked eggs
 1 lemon
 2 tablespoons blanched almonds
 ¼ cup seedless raisins

Dice potatoes and eggs, and sprinkle with juice of lemon. Chop almonds. Mix almonds and raisins in potato mixture. Stuff in roasting chicken.

COCONUT CURRY (Siam)

2 ½ pound chicken
 1 whole fresh coconut
 6 cups water
 4 potatoes, pared
 1 tablespoon curry powder
 2 teaspoons salt
 1 teaspoon sugar
 1 teaspoon monosodium glutamate

Cube chicken. Remove meat from coconut, and grate into bowl; add 2 cups of water; mash and squeeze. Drain off cream, and save. Repeat. Repeat twice again, using only 1 cup of water each time. Discard flakes. Add chicken and potatoes to cream. Simmer uncovered, stirring occasionally, until reduced to 4 cups (one hour). Take 3 tablespoons of mixture and combine with curry. Stir and heat slowly. When aroma is full, add to chicken. Add salt, sugar and glutamate. Cook, stir 10 minutes. Over rice, *serves 6.* ■ ■

Want Ads



Altars Are Bare and the churches empty in Red China. But not so the crowded Maryknoll refugee camp chapels in Hong Kong. Will you supply Mass candles for one of these altars? For a week, \$1; \$50 for a year.

Maryknoll Mountain Mission in Guatemala needs a set of Stations of the Cross. Will you give a town-full of poor Indians this precious gift? Cost: \$28.

Many Hands Make Light Work especially if that work is bringing the Light of the World to those in darkness. A Maryknoller in Miaoli, Formosa, can support a catechist for \$15 a month. Will you give a missionary this extra hand for a week, a month or a year?

Typhoid in the Andes is common. The cure is chloromycetin; 12 capsules, \$5. When the dread disease strikes an Indian mountain village, the people turn to their Maryknoll pastor. And the Maryknoll pastor turns to you.

Cyclone Collapses Church in Central America! Will you help a Maryknoller and his Indian flock rebuild at least the main altar and sanctuary? They need \$400.

Dignity for a Day for one of Africa's old folks consists precisely in the security of two good meals. Maryknollers in Musoma can support an old-timer for 20c a day. Will you pick up the check for one, two or a dozen for a day, a week or a month?

Chief and Mrs. Chief and hundreds of tribesmen in a Maryknoll outpost in Shinyanga, Africa, are preparing for baptism. The next step is to build a church. The plans are laid. The people have eagerly volunteered the labor. But the materials will cost \$3,000. Will you help?

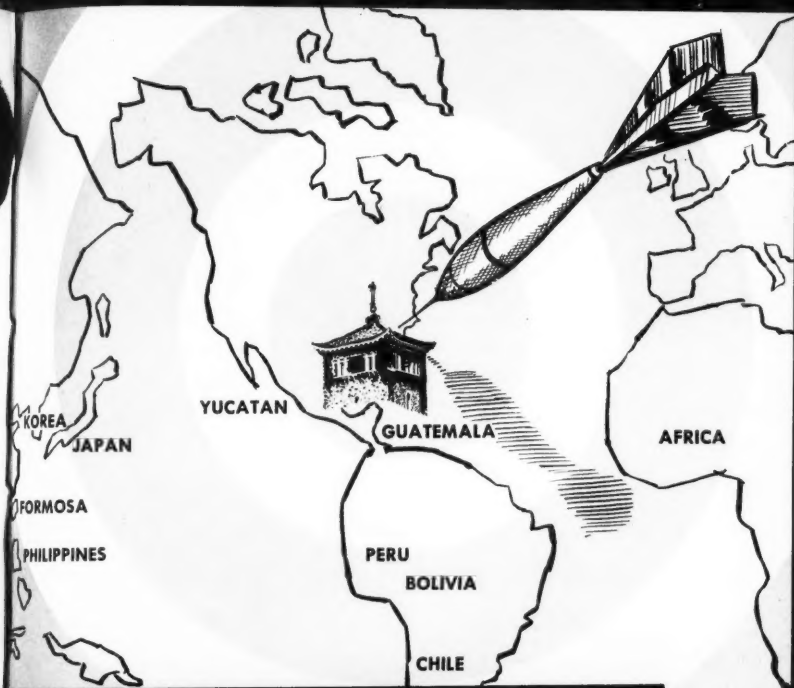
Buddha has his temple in Taipei, Formosa, but Our Lord lacks a church. What a loving, sacred memorial for a dear departed member of your family. Cost: \$5,000.

MNOL of CHS in BJND. Puzzled? We'll help you solve this. "Maryknoll's new Our Lady of Carmel High School in Bolivia's jungle needs desks." Will you help us solve the puzzle of where to get the money? Each desk costs \$5.

A Shot in the Arm of penicillin in Korea costs 40c. Will you put a supply of the wonder drug in the hands of a Maryknoller in Pusan for his sick and needy people?

Sidewalk Supervisors are plentiful in Hokkaido, Japan, but our missionaries must turn to you for the \$4,000 to buy the materials to build a church there.

Tabernacle in Taichung, Formosa, is lacking for a new Maryknoll chapel. Will you give \$200 to give Our Lord a home?



BULLSEYE!

It's easy when you are throwing help to the foreign missions, because every Maryknoll mission is a target for your charity.

Central America. Food for Indian orphans. \$1 a day.

Japan. A mission chapel for newly-baptized. \$4,000.

Peruvian Andes. A catechist-teacher. Salary \$20 a month.

Formosa. A mission clinic needs \$1 a day to keep open.

Africa. Portable confessional for mission trips. \$20.

Hong Kong. Set of Mass vestments for refugee camp. \$35.

THE MARYKNOLL FATHERS, Maryknoll, New York

People are Interesting!

Early Lay
Missionary

Missioners of America

In the early history of the New World, many laymen came, not to seek a fortune, but to serve God and their fellowmen. Such was Sebastian de Aparicio, now beatified.



1. Sebastian de Aparicio was born in Spain. He went to Mexico to work for the government.



2. Sebastian made his living as an engineer, building roads that helped civilize Mexican Indians.



3. He spent his free time aiding the Indians. He taught them how to grow more and better produce.



4. At the age of 71, he gave his possessions to the poor and became a Franciscan lay brother.



5. He lived to be 99 years old. Up until the end he continued to aid the Indians to a better life.

Christ belongs to ALL the human race.



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